

Newport Mercury
Published every SATURDAY by
PRATT & MESSER,
AT CORNER OF
JACKET ST. & THAMES STREET.
TERMS.—\$2.00 per annum; or
17.5¢ if paid strictly in advance.
Advertisements inserted at one
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cents for each subsequent insertion.
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or make contracts on liberal terms,
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Newport Mercury

ESTABLISHED, JUNE 12, 1758.

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1862.

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No paper will be discontinued
until arrears are paid, except at
the option of the publishers.

Job Printing

In its various branches, executed
with despatch.
P. A. PRATT & WM. MESSER.

Number 5,404.

Volume 104.

Poetry.

A BATTLE HYMN.

BY GEORGE H. BAKER.

God, to thee we humbly bow;
With hand unarmed and naked bow;
Musket, lance, and shaven sword;
At thy feet we lay, O Lord!
Gone is all the soldier's boast
In the valor of the host;
Kneeling here we do our most.
Of ourselves we nothing know;
Thou and Thou alone canst show
By the favor of Thy hand,
Who has drawn the guilty brand.
If our former have the right,
Show Thy judgment in our sight
Through the fortunes of the fight.
If our cause be pure and just,
Nerve our courage with Thy trust;
Scatter in Thy bitter wrath,
All who cross the nation's path;
May the hallooed traitors fly,
As the vapors from the sky,
When Thy raging winds are high.
God of mercy, some must fall
In Thy holy cause. Not all
Hope to sing the victor's lay,
When the sword is laid away.
Brief will be the prayers then said;
Fall on Thy altar dead,
Take the sacrifice instead.
Now, O God, once more we rise,
Marching on beneath Thy eyes;
And we draw the sacred sword,
In Thy name, and at Thy word.
May our spirits clearly see
Thee, through all that is to be,
In defeat or victory.

THE CHILD'S TRUST.

Look, Emma, at those sleepy flowers,
Which close their eyes for midnight hours;
When morning comes again they wake,
None their appointments ever break.
The little birds are in their nest,
And folding up their wings to rest;
The cattle, too, are in the shed,
And you, dear child, should be in bed.
See! the bright day is getting dim,
And weary nature ends her hymn;
Come, fold your hands, and kneel to pray,
That God will bless the closing day.
Mamma, I've said my evening prayer,
And asked for God's protecting care;
But still I have a strange, cold dread,
A fear to be alone in bed.
O, must you now put out the light,
And leave me with your last good night?
Sit longer by my little bed,
Your arms still underneath me spread.
Dear child, a feeble human arm
Is no defence from midnight harm;
Look to the guardian power above,
The shelter of a Savior's love.
Remember little Charlie, dear,
He went to bed without this fear,
Nor ever shunned to be alone—
God came, he said, when I was gone.
Within his bosom, wrap, you'll lie,
And watched by his unsleeping eye;
Now kiss me, darling, just to show,
You're not afraid to let me go."

Useful Hints.

QUININE TOOTH POWDER.—Rose pink two
drachms, precipitated chalk three drachms, car-
bonate of Magnesia one drachm, quinine (pulphate)
six grains. All to be well mixed together.

SODA WATER POWDERS.—A pleasant, cooling,
summer drink. The blue paper contains carbon-
ate of soda, thirty grains; the white paper tar-
taric acid, twenty-five grains.

Directions.—Dissolve the contents of the blue
paper in half a tumbler of water, stir in the other
powder, and drink during effervescence.
Soda powders furnish a saline beverage, which
is very slightly laxative, and well calculated to
alleviate the thirst in hot weather.

One pound of carbonate of soda, and thirteen
ounces and a half of tartaric acid, supply the ma-
terials for 256 powders of each sort.

FRIED EGGS AND MINCED HAM OR BACON.—
Choose some very fine bacon streaked with a good
deal of lean; cut this into very thin slices, and
afterwards into small square pieces; throw them
into a stew-pan, and set it over a gentle fire, that
they may lose some of their fat. When as much
as will freely come thus melted from them, lay
them on a warm dish. Put into a stew-pan a
half-pound of melted butter or lard; set it on a stove;
put in about a dozen of the small pieces of bac-
on, then stop the stew-pan and break in an egg.
Manage this carefully, and the egg will presently
be done. It will be very round, and the little
piece of bacon will stick to it all over, so that it
will make a very pretty appearance. Take care
the yolks do not harden; when the egg is thus
done, lay it carefully in a warm dish, and do the
others.

POTATOES FRIED WHOLE.—When nicely boiled
enough, put them into a stew-pan with a bit of
butter, or some clean beef drippings; shake them
about often to prevent burning, till they are
brown and crisp; drain them from the fat. It will
be an improvement if they are floured and
dipped into the yolk of an egg, and then rolled
in finely sifted bread crumbs.

ECONOMICAL DISH.—Cut some pretty fat ham
or bacon into slices, and fry of a nice brown; lay
them aside to keep warm; then mix equal quan-
tities of potatoes and cabbage, brewed well to-
gether, and fry them in the fat left from the ham.
Place the mixture at the bottom, and lay the
slices of bacon on top. Cover with a gentle heat,
and the desired dish is produced. Alkanet root
2 cents per pound.

Selected Tale.

THE GUAIRO CHIEF.

Or, How a Yankee made his Fortune.

In the year 1840, John Gray, a young
man from Boston, was living in the small
trading town of Rio la Hacha, on that part
of the east coast of South America, called
by the old Spaniards "Costa Firme," or
the mainland, now part of the Republic of
New Grenada. Gray had been sent out as
commercial agent by a large mercantile
house in Boston, and his business was to
sell the goods which were sent to him by
his employers, and to purchase the pro-
duce of the country—such as dye-woods,
hides, and the various medicinal gums and
rubs which grow in those regions—and
send them home in vessels which every
two months came consigned to him. Ac-
cording to the custom of the country, he
hired a house in Rio Hacha, part of which
he used as a dwelling and the remainder
as a warehouse. It was one story in
height, with thick walls of limestone, and
a flat tiled roof, with a parapet about three
feet high running round it. This house-
top is used in that dry climate, where rain
is only known for only two or three months
in the year, as a kind of pleasant, airy up-
per chamber, where one can pass the even-
ing unmolested by insects, and even as a
sleeping apartment in the hottest season.
Another use it has, which is that of a re-
ceptacle for goods which have paid no
duty to the government; smuggling being,
in those Spanish-American towns, a very
common and profitable trade. Moreover,
in the many revolutions and popular out-
breaks which diversify the singular flow of
life in those countries, the house top is a
secure fortress to which the family can re-
treat till the storm blows over. The ground
floor of Gray's house was of brick, and
the windows (without glass) were tra-
versed with strong iron bars, giving the
place rather the look of a prison, which
effect was increased by a heavy door stud-
ded with iron spikes. Such has always been
the insecurity of life and property among
these people, that all over the continent—
whether in Mexico, Central America, or
Columbia—it has been necessary that a
man's house should be, literally, his castle.

Gray was sitting at his door one evening,
smoking one of the fragrant cigars of the
Moupos, and reading, for the tenth
time, a well-worn copy of the Daily Ad-
vertiser, brought in the last trip of the
brig Two Sisters, when his attention was
attracted by a noisy crowd of boys and
men who turned the corner of a neighbor-
ing street, in pursuit, as it seemed, of a
tall, wild looking Indian, who, very drunk,
was staggering along a little in advance of
the mob, hooted at and pelted by the ruf-
fians. As the Indian approached, Gray
was struck by his fine appearance. He was
at least six feet and a half in height, with
broad shoulders and deep chest, and his
limbs, though wanting the volume of mus-
cle, were well proportioned and shewy. His
skin was darker than that of the North
American Indians, with high features and
a Roman nose, and jet black hair in curls
all over his head. In fact, but for his color,
he might have passed for a soldier of the
old Roman Republic. His dress was a
pair of leggings and moccasins of dressed
skin, with a brilliant-colored porcho, or
woolen mantle, thrown over his shoulder.
He was unarmed.

"Pedro!" called out Gray to his mulatto
servant, "come here to the door."
A young fellow of 18 or 20 years old,
with his shirt over his trousers in the
fashion of the country, came from an inner
room with a cigar in his mouth.

"Pedro, what are those fellows about?"
"I know not, Senor; they are the ca-
cillo, (rowdies). The Indian is the Guai-
ro chief, El Gato. He has sold his hide
and got drunk with the money. They
always do so. *Valgame Dios!* It's lucky
for them that the Indian has left his knife
outside the gates. He is a brave fellow,
Senor."

The helpless condition of the Indian had
emboldened the cowardly mob to attack
him more closely, while he seemed to take
no notice of them as he reeled along the
sandy street. As he came near Gray's
house, a big ruffian, with a club, cropt up
behind the Indian, as if to strike, when the
American rushed out, and seizing the fellow
with the club disarmed him, and hurled
him backward half across the street; then
taking the Indian by the arm, led him into
the house and closed the door.

The large, sparkling eyes of El Gato
grew larger with surprise at this kind
treatment, so unexpected and unusual; he
was, however, too tipsy to say anything,
but sunk down upon a mat in the corner
of the room, and was asleep directly.

In the meantime the mob had collected
about the house, and were venting their
rage in oaths and threats. But it was of
no avail. Gray shouted to the inner ware-
house for his clerk and assistant, Bob
Smith, a powerful young Englishman, to
bring his pistols, and in another minute
out jumped Bob, just as he had left his
hammock, in shirt and trousers, with a
heavy stick in one hand and the pistols in
the other. Gray put them in his belt and
then threw open the door.

"Begone, you beggars!" exclaimed he.
"The first one who approaches this door I
will shoot dead. Begone, I say!"

Now, it happens that these Spanish-
Americans firmly believe that all "blancos,"
or whites, are possessed of two accomplish-
ments—the practice of medicine and the
practice of shooting. They are believed to
be "death on fevers," and dead shots
with the pistol. They are revered and
feared accordingly. So, seeing the white
man with pistols, backed by stout Bob
Smith, with whose iron fists some of them
were well acquainted, the mob recoiled,
and would probably have dispersed had
not a new ally appeared in the shape of a

huge negro boatman, who rushed forward
brandishing his knife, and shouting:
"Death to the Guairos, and the heretics
as well. Who fears their pistols? Let
Pepe come at them!"

Gray cocked his pistol and covered the
boatman, but before he could fire, Bob
sprang forward, and, with a whirl of his
stick, took the man such a blow over the
wrist, that his knife flew from his grasp,
and his hand dropped down, disabled.

"Does any gentleman want more?" asked
Bob, with much politeness, as he flourished
his stick.

But they could not muster courage to
come to the attack, and in a few minutes
they departed, with furious gestures and
vows of vengeance.

"I don't see, Mr. Gray, what you took
that drunken Indian's part for," said Bob.
"Well, the fact is, Bob, I've always
taken quite an interest in those 'Indos Bra-
vos,' as the people here call them. Noble-
looking fellows they are—by far the finest
race in the country—and I couldn't bear
to see the chief abused by those curs."

To be sure, El Gato will get drunk if he can
get liquor, but that vice he has learned
from the whites. We must let him sleep
it off, and see what he will have to say for
himself to-morrow."

It is well known that, although the cre-
ole descendants of the Spanish and Por-
tuguese conquerors of the continent of
South America claim the whole of that
vast country, yet there are great tracts of
territory in the interior which have never
been subdued, but are still occupied by the
wild Indians. "Indios Bravos," as they are
called. In contrast to the tamed, or Chris-
tians, who live in towns and cultivate the
soil, these wild tribes lead a wandering
life, their occupation being the chase,
and the breeding of cattle and horses. They
are very expert horsemen, and fight on
horseback with bows and arrows, lances,
the lasso and the bolas, or balls. These
last mentioned weapons they use for the
capture of their half-wild horses and cattle,
which large cats are the American repre-
sentatives of the tiger and lion of the Old
World.

The Guairos are a large and powerful
tribe, which possess the region between
Rio Hacha and Cape La Vela; they have
always proved more than a match for the
creoles, man for man, and those people
never venture far into the Guairo country
without a large armed force. A sort of
predatory warfare constantly exists. The
Indians burn and destroy the plantations
and villas, drive off the stock, and either
kill the inhabitants or hold them for ran-
som. Sometimes they carry the war to
the very gates of the cities. When this
takes place, the indolent creoles arouse
themselves, muster their ragged regiments
and take the field, vowing to exterminate
the Moors from the face of the earth. But
by this time their active enemies are gone,
perhaps fifty miles off among the moun-
tains, where the creoles would never ven-
ture to follow.

These Indians frequently come to the
Spanish towns for trading purposes, but
the citizens never allow them to bring their
arms inside the gates. They bring with
them for sale, hides, and the drugs which
are found in their country, but they gener-
ally get drunk and spend their money, or
gamble it away before they leave town, so
that their visits are rather profitable to the
people of Rio Hacha and the other towns.

The next morning the chief awoke at
sunrise, perfectly sober. He did not seem
to know how he came into Gray's house,
and gazed about him with some surprise.
He understood Spanish pretty well, though
he did not speak much, and Gray con-
trived to make him understand what had
happened the day before. As the break-
fast was being prepared, Gray asked the
chief to eat, but he declined, saying that
he must go down to the beach and bathe.

So Gray and Bob Smith went with him to
the seaside, and they all there took a de-
lightful swim in the ocean, after which
they returned to the house. Gray was
struck with the fine figure and graceful
carriage of the Indian, as he strode along
the beach, looking down upon the creoles
and negroes whom he met with great con-
tempt.

"The dogs!" he said, grinding his teeth,
"they dared to growl at El Gato last night,
let them be aware of his claws!"

It had occurred to Gray that he might
establish a good trade with those Indians;
besides the hides and drugs which they
brought for sale, their forests abounded in
dye-woods, and he had been told that the
syringa, or India-rubber tree, grew in the
country. The house in Boston had lately
sent him orders to collect this article for
them, if possible, and he had been meditat-
ing within himself whether it would not be
worth his while to go into the Indian coun-
try to look for the India-rubber. To the
inquiries which he had made of the Rio
Hacha people, about the article, he got the
answer: "Quien sabe? (who knows). These
Spanish Americans have such a
stupid indifference to all beyond the mere
necessaries of life, their maize, plantains
and tobacco, that a gold or diamond mine
might be within a mile of one of their
towns, and they would never find it. The
rules of Copan, in Central America, were
unknown to the neighboring inhabitants, and
the gold of California was not discovered
until the Spaniards acquired the coun-
try. So, John Gray was not wholly
disinterested in his hospitality to the Guai-
ro chief; for through him he thought
of the difficulty and danger of pen-
etrating into that country might be removed.

El Gato sat, drank, smoked, and was
thankful. He asked Gray to go with him
to the mountains; would show him some
tiger hunting; would treat him like a
chief; and would bring him back safely.

Gray asked the advice of Bob Smith, who
had lived many years in the country and
knew the Indians well. Smith thought
that he might trust the chief implicitly—
These Indians admired "Los Bravos," as
they called the English and Americans, as
much as they hated the creoles, but he
thought these last were very jealous of for-
eigners going among the wild Indians, lest
they should be stirred up to hostility against
the creoles, and the trade should be lost.
Not long before, a Frenchman had been

thrown into prison for going into the Guai-
ro country. He himself had asked the
Governor for a permit to trade with the
Indians and had been refused.

"But," said he, "if I was you, I would go
without a permit. Let the chief go off by
himself and wait for you outside the gates
a few miles, and then the next day you can
go out as if for a ride, and join him."

So it was arranged with the chief, and
he went off with his followers, who were
outside the gates, promising to wait for
Gray at a small river, about six miles off,
called Rio Negro.

"Pedro!" called out Gray, the next
morning about daybreak, "tell Manuela to
prepare my chocolate, and you feed the
black horse. I am going out to the mesa
of Don Ignacio, to breakfast, and I may
stay there all day."

He put a change of clothing into a port-
manteau, placed his pistols in the holsters,
and with a heavy knife and a rifle con-
sidered himself well armed. Nor was
this equipment unusual, even for a ride of
six miles, for the jaguars were often seen
close to the city, and robbers abounded on
all the roads. In half an hour he was in
the saddle and pacing slowly through the
narrow streets.

As Gray leaves the town, he
takes a route path which here begins to
wind, in a southern direction, among the
barren hills which rise from the sea, cov-
ered with a scrubby growth of bushes, with
here and there a tall cactus sending up its
green clustered branches twenty feet into
the air, like gigantic candelabra. The
orange and black colored troop of a whis-
ling shrill and clear among the thickets,
and the green parrots are clattering among
the branches, or screaming as they fly in
flocks towards the fruit gardens. Ridge
above ridge rises before the traveler, and in
the distance the forest covered lower spurs
of the Andes, with the white peaks of the
Sierra Nevada sixty miles beyond. Here
and there along the path, might be seen an
Indian but built of cane and thatched with
palm leaves, with its little plantation patch
adjoining, but nothing like extensive cul-
tivation; all was as wild as it might have
been before the landing of the first Span-
iard, three hundred years before.

Soon he came to a path which descend-
ed to the banks of the Rio Negro, which
stream he followed to a small bend, when
he saw the smoke of the Indian camp.—
The horses were feeding along the meadow,
and the men were lying on their ponies
under the trees, while one of their number
was cooking their breakfast.

"Good-morning, friend Englishman, you
are welcome to the Guairo country."
"Many thanks, chief, but I thought this
was still the country of the Spaniard?"

"No, Senor, it never was his country;
he has never conquered the brave Guairos;
and he never can. Come and eat with us.
Here is fish from the river; here is iguana."

The latter is a bilious looking lizard,
almost four feet long, the flesh of which
is a very delicate article of food. After par-
taking of the breakfast of the chief, they
set out on their march to the village where
he lived; this was about thirty miles from
Rio Hacha, and at the foot of the moun-
tains.

While on this journey a little incident
occurred which showed the experience of
the savages in killing the tiger. A fine
black came in sight, and it was evident
from his actions that the animal was pur-
sued. All at once an enormous jaguar
sprang upon him, seized him by the throat
and began sucking his blood.

"Now, Senor English, you shall see how
the Guairos catch tigers," said the chief,
as he coiled up his lasso, and telling one
of his men to follow him, rode towards
the jaguar, which was so intent upon his
feast as to take no notice of the approach
of the party. El Gato took a circuit and
came round in front of the beast, while his
follower rode more leisurely on king ready
his lasso. When the chief had approach-
ed within thirty yards, the jaguar let go
the deer, raised himself to his full height,
and, lying back his ears with a savage
snarl, seemed disposed to show fight; then,
catching sight of the Indian behind him,
he crouched, as if to spring upon the ene-
my in front. El Gato whirled the lasso
round his head, and then let it go. It
sling through the air, and opening its
coil as it reached the animal, settled right
over his head. As the beast felt the fatal
coil he sprang backwards and drew a
tight, then with a tremendous bound he
came at the chief. At the same moment
the Indian behind him threw his lasso,
which, with the same precision, fell over
the vast neck of the infuriated beast. Then
the two horsemen, moving in opposite di-
rections, drew their lasso tight, and the
jaguar was held fast between them. The
jaguar was mighty struggles; every effort
drew the noose tighter about his neck, and
in a few seconds he fell, powerless and
strangled to the earth.

Gray, who had never before seen one of
these animals, and whose idea of it were
derived from books, was astonished at its
size. It measured six feet in length, ex-
clusive of the tail, and its body and limbs
showed great muscular power. In fact,
the jaguar of South America approaches
very near, if it does not quite equal, the
Asiatic tiger, in strength and ferocity, and
may be imagined from the fact that it has
been often known to drag away a horse
without difficulty. In courage, Humboldt
tells us, it is fully equal to the true tiger,
and seldom avoids the combat with man.
Probably it had only the feeble Hun-
dred to contend with, it would be like the Asi-
atic tiger, the scourge and terror of the
country it inhabits. But it can do nothing
against the terrible weapons of these war-
like horsemen, the lasso and the bolas.

After taking off the skin of the jaguar
and cutting up the deer, which was very
little mutilated, the party proceeded on
their journey. About an hour before sun-
set they entered a beautiful valley of about
two miles wide, and of considerable length,
with a swift clean stream running through
it. It was an open grassy meadow, pas-
tured by large herds of cattle and horses,
and was the principal residence of the
tribe of the Guairo nation, though at cer-
tain seasons of the year they roamed over
the mountain sides, or descended toward
the sea-coast near the Cape la Vela. As

they entered the valley, they were met by
an outpost of horsemen armed with the
lance and the bolas. Then, after riding
about three miles up the stream, they sud-
denly came upon the main village of the
tribe, which was situated in a horse shoe
bend of the river, and consisted of about
sixty or seventy huts, made of cane and
thatched with palm-leaves. Across the
land side of the peninsula stretched a high
ledge of thorny plants, forming a very ef-
fective barrier. Through this was the
entrance, closed by a heavy gate, and fur-
ther defended by a ditch.

The whole tribe, some three hundred in
number, came out to meet the chief. There
were perhaps sixty or seventy men, and the
balance women and children. The men
were fine, muscular looking fellows, of tall
stature, and the women, though of dark
complexion, were of handsome form and
features. The chief was lodged in a hut
much larger than the others, in which he
had three or four wives, and a number of
children of all ages. He placed Gray in a
small cabin near his own quarters, and ap-
pointed a couple of attendants for him,
who prepared a supper for him of venison
and yams, and then left him to his repose.

The next morning El Gato desired his
guest to visit a sick daughter of his, being
persuaded, like all the natives, that every
Englishman is a natural doctor of medi-
cine. Gray went into the chief's cabin and
found the patient—a beautiful girl of about
fifteen—laboring under a violent attack of
fever. Fortunately, he had brought with
him some quinine, which he administered
to the girl, and with such good effect as to
break up the fever entirely, to the delight
of the chief, and to the enhancement of
Gray's reputation.

On the following day Gray started with
the chief and three followers for a hunt,
keeping in a northerly direction towards
the coast. There are no Spanish settle-
ments east of Rio Hacha, till you reach
the Gulf of Maracaibo, all the country be-
tween being a wilderness, in the possession
of the Guairos. As they proceeded down
the valley, Gray observed a troop of small
animals which looked like pigs, of a few
months old, except that they were of a
grizzled color, and seemed very active. As
they were within easy shot, he unslung his
rifle when the chief stopped him.

"What are they?" Gray asked.
"Pecararies, Senor; but we don't med-
dle with them."

"Why not? are they not good eating?"
"Oh, yes, very good; but they are very
brave also. If you kill one of them all the
others will attack you; and they won't
leave you till you have killed them all—
When we hunt them we get up on a tree,
and shoot them with poisoned arrows."

They found game plenty, and Gray en-
joyed the sport famously. Among other
animals he shot several specimens of the
guichrao, or wild turkey, one of which
was an enormous bird, weighing at least
thirty pounds. These he found in a piece
of heavy timber on the river; and, as he
was loading his rifle again, he observed a
great commotion among a troop of monkeys
which were leaping and scampering around
a large tree.

"Boa! boa!" cried the chief. "Now,
Egles, I will show you sport," and he
pointed out among the lower branches of a
tree, a huge serpent, or boa-constrictor,
who seemed to be busy with something he
had seized.

As they approached, they saw it was a
"large ape or howling monkey," which the
snake had in his deadly grasp, and was
crushing to death before swallowing it.—
The reptile was apparently some twenty-
five feet long, and as large round as a man's
thigh, and his chequered brown and white
body glittered in the sunlight, as he pack-
ed fold over fold on the wretched ape. El
Gato approached with his lasso all coiled
and ready in his hand. The snake raised
his head in a threatening manner, when
the chief wheeled the line twice round his
head, and sent it flying. It settled over the
reptile's head, and, at the same time, an-
other lasso was thrown by another Indian,
with equal success. Both riders started in
different directions for the purpose of
strangling the boa; but as soon as the
things drew tight, the snake, who had his
tail fast to the tree, made a prodigious effort,
and the lasso of the Indian parted. Be-
ing now loose on that side, the boa darted
on the chief with the quickness of lightning,
and in an instant his horrid coils were
around horse and rider. In another minute
El Gato would have been crushed, but
Gray who had not lost his presence of mind,
took a snap shot at the head of the snake
at the risk of killing the man. The ball
passed right through the reptile's brain,
but the tenacity of life in these animals is
very great, and the chief was not released,
though the pressure was so much relaxed
as to allow him to cry out:

"Cut the tail on the tree! The tail!"
Gray had in his belt a big knife, of Ar-
kansas pattern, eighteen inches long and
three in width, and ground to the keenness
of a razor. Drawing this weapon he struck
the snake right across the vertebrae of the
tail, about two feet from the tip, with such
force that the knife sheared through skin,
bone and flesh. The huge body dropped
paralyzed to the ground, and the Indians
piled the half-strangled chieftain from among
the coils of the dying monster.

As soon as the Guairo recovered his
breath he sprang forward and embraced
Gray, saying:

"El Gato would have been dead but for
the Englishman—El Gato is the English-
man's friend always. El Gato is a great
hunter, but the Englishman is a greater."

Seeing the Indians were about to re-
move the skin from the boa, Gray claimed
it as his trophy, and had it stuffed to take
home with him to Boston, where it may,
perhaps, be seen at this day in the Museum
of the Natural History Society.

Much to Gray's surprise, the Indians
began to cut up the carcass of the snake,
and cook it, and the chief told him that it
was considered one of the most savory and
nourishing articles of food which they
knew. Two horses were loaded with the
boa and his skin, and sent back to the vil-
lage, and the remainder of the party kept
on towards the coast.

At the mouth of a small river which

here fell into the sea, they found a Guairo
village, with about a hundred inhabitants,
who seemed to get their living by fishing
and collecting pearls, which were found on
this coast in great numbers, and of very
fine quality. These the Indians took to
Maracaibo for sale, as the nearest Spanish
town of any size. Gray made arrange-
ments with the chief, El Gato, to send his
hides and drugs down this place, called
"La Cienega," or "The Lake" intending to
send a vessel round here from Rio Hacha,
to land. The chief also promised to set
his people at work to collect the juice of
the seringa tree, which, when dried, makes
the caoutchouc, or India rubber of com-
merce. Gray found that these sea coast
Guairos were even more hostile to the
Spaniards than those of the interior. They
never allowed them to land, and in some
instances, when Columbian vessels had
been wrecked on their coast, had either
ma-sacred the crews or sold them to the
interior tribes as slaves.

After a stay of two or three days on the
coast, which they passed in fishing and
hunting, the party returned to the chief's
village in the valley. The chief's daugh-
ter had entirely recovered from the fever
and Gray's reputation as a skillful physi-
cian became so great as to be very trouble-
some. He soon used up all his little
stock of medicine, however, and then was
obliged to deal in promises that he would
send them more from Rio Hacha. His pa-
tients brought to him quantities of gold
ornaments and images, which they insist-
ed upon his accepting, having the idea, ap-
parently, that the cure would not be per-
manent, if the doctor was not well paid.—
The chief brought to him a small leathern
bag, which contained a pint of beautiful
pearls, some of very large size. There was
one in particular as big as a musket ball,
and of the finest quality. Gray gave in
return his rifle, and taught the chief the
use of it, which he very quickly acquired.
El Gato told Gray that he would come
and live among them if he would have his
daughter for a wife, and be the second chief
of the band; and that he could trade with
the Indians, and get as much gold as he
wanted. And all of which offers, honor-
able and profitable as they were, Gray was
obliged to decline. After a further stay of
two or three days, Gray started on his re-
turn to Rio Hacha, attended for half the
distance by the chief and half a dozen of
his men.

During Gray's absence from Rio la
Hacha, trouble had been brewing for him
there. Treacherous sneaking half-breeds
had discovered his visit to the Guairos,
and were making their arrangements to
have him arrested on his return to that
place. If they could bring home to him a
charge of tampering with the Indians, all
his property would be confiscated and one
half would go to the informers. Several of
these fellows were calculating on a rich
booty by this means. They tampered with
Gray's servant, Pedro, and by rich prom-
ises gained him over to their side against
his master. His testimony would be im-
portant. Everything was arranged for
Gray's destruction, and but for an accident
he would have paid dear for his visit to
the Guairo Indians.

It so happened that Bob Smith was the
lover of Feliciana, the daughter of one Don
Fulgencio who was the head man in the
plot to seize the Yankee. Overhearing the
conspiracy, which was principally concocted
at her father's house, this little brown
girl spoke of it in a casual way to her lov-
er. The importance of the information was
not lost on Smith, for the next morning he
went on board the schooner Mary Ann,
which, having discharged her cargo at Santa
Martha, had come to Rio Hacha to load for
Boston, and having taken in what hides
and dye woods Gray's warehouse contain-
ed, was now lying at anchorage about a
quarter of a mile from the shore, waiting for
more cargo. He told the captain to make
all ready for sail at five minutes' notice,
and then went to an English friend and re-
quested him to ride out and meet Gray,
who he thought must be on his way home,
and give him a letter, in which he told him
of the plot, and

The Massachusetts Legislature has passed and the Governor has signed a bill uniting the Old Colony and Fall River Railroad with the New Bedford and Fall River Railroad, under the name of the *Old Colony and Falmouth Railroad*. The bill was fought against with nearly as much spirit as the bill of last winter and the two members who introduced it were referred by the Senate report against it, but the vote stood in the Senate 19 yeas, 12 nays, 3 ayes. The Governor *declines* to sign the bill, but he is the great supporter from the beginning of the bill.

For the last five years or so, during that period, on four different occasions since the commencement of the rebellion, he has asked to be assigned to sea duty, but the Secretary of the Navy, heared his services on shore, and declined after the most pressing demands for naval man. He is a son of the late Com. M. T. Roman of this city.

Com. Roman's force consists of seven regiments of Infantry, four batteries of Artillery and three companies of Cavalry.

The Second Baptist Society have been united to the gentlemen of the Naval Academy, and frequent and very acceptable supplies their pupils during the absence of their parents. C. H. WOODBURN, and we learn that the gentlemen will again officiate in that noble service. Professor KNIGHT accepting the post at D. D. C. School, and Rev. Dr. DUNN at D. C.

We have seen a letter from the Secretary of the Italian Legation, dated April 29th. It was at Warrent Court House, but had been a mile or so of the rebel pickets, having been sent to assist Gen. SAUNDERS'S Division. There is report in camp that the regiment would be sent to the front line.

We notice by the lists of passengers who have left the Europe recently, that every day the Rising in America has gone to Rome.

On the 26th inst., ninety-five women from Lanesboro for Utah, in Boston, U.S.A. It was stated at a recent Washington Conference, held at St. George's Hotel, London, that 100 persons were on the books, but some London this week and this time there were increasing daily.

A Washington Geologist says the Commission on Uranium and Radium Supplies has proposed that the foreign countries, and countries that are called upon for the manufacture of it in the United States.

A COLORED JERSEY.—The colored people of the District of Columbia set apart the day known as a day of thanksgiving for the people of the Ku Klux Klan.

Mr. John Lindsay, for many years mayor of the Italian County bar, died suddenly at his home on Monday last, at the age of 70.

EDWARD BOENIGKE, the new *Gesetz* Minister, who succeeds the late Gov. I. is a German.

Col. TURPIN's fall back from Turley, to Gen. Mendenhall's headquarters at Valley Forge, the rebels invaded the place on 20 May. Col. Turpin before he left the town in sales.

